

The Critic

Published weekly from the middle of September to the middle of June, and fortnightly from the middle of June to the middle of September. Forty-five numbers a year. Ten cents a copy; \$3 a year, in advance.
J. L. & J. B. Gilder, Editors. Office, No. 25 Lafayette Place, New York.
Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co.'s, Brentano's, and the principal news-stands in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.'s Old Corner Book-store, and elsewhere. Philadelphia: Wanamaker's, and all the leading stands. Washington: A. Brentano & Co.'s, and B. Adams's. Chicago, Ill.: Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn Street. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, No. 5 Carondelet Street. London: American Exchange, 449 Strand, and B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

Plantation Music.

QUITE RECENTLY one of THE CRITIC's metropolitan contemporaries—*The World*, if I am not mistaken—made a statement to the effect that the negroes of the South would doubtless be proud to hear that their favorite instrument—the banjo—was making its way in fashionable circles at the North. Commenting upon this somewhat lightly and flippantly, a Georgian newspaper—*The Atlanta Constitution*—reminded *The World* that the negroes of the South know little about the banjo and care a great deal less. This comment has evidently been copied into some of the Northern exchanges of *The Constitution*, for I have before me a number of letters from friends and correspondents in New York, Massachusetts and elsewhere, making inquiries as to the authenticity of the statement which the Atlanta newspaper makes by inference concerning the relations between the hilarious plink-plank-plunk of the banjo and the musical accomplishments of the negro. These inquiries are all very pointed and eager. For instance, a young lady who dates her letter from Brookline, Massachusetts, declares: 'I see a paragraph in the evening paper that really distresses me.' After giving the substance of the paragraph, she continues: 'I should be shocked to learn that the negroes of the South know nothing of the banjo. Somehow it has been a great comfort to me to associate them with that instrument.'

It is not difficult to understand the feelings of the young lady. All her life, in common with the people of the whole country, including a large majority of the people of the South, she has been accustomed to associate the negro with the banjo, the bones, and the tambourine. Especially with the banjo. Here sentiment, and romance, and probability join hands and sing 'ring around the roses'; and they make a tough team when the partnership, as in this instance, receives the approval of custom. Romance may become a little frayed around the edges, but sentiment is a very stubborn thing. It is sometimes stronger than facts; and the ideal and impossible negro will continue to exist in the public mind as a banjoist only less expert than Dobson or French, or the inimitable and unapproachable Sweeny.

What more natural? In the negro minstrel show, which is supposed to present to us the negro as he was and is and hopes to be, an entire scene is devoted to the happy-go-lucky darkey with his banjo. The stage is cleared away; the pleasant and persuasive bass voice of Mr. Hawkins, the 'interlocutor,' is hushed; there is silence in the pit and gallery until a gurgling ripple of laughter, running merrily through the audience, announces the appearance of Mr. Edward McClurg, in his justly celebrated banjo act. Mr. McClurg, disguised by burnt cork, is black, and sleek, and saucy. He wears a plug hat, enormous shoes, and carries his banjo on his shoulder. He seats himself, crosses his

legs, waves an enormous shoe, and looks at the audience as much as to say, 'Here is where the laugh comes in.' Mr. McClurg is garrulous. As he tunes his banjo (inlaid with silver and costing seventy-five dollars) he tells several stories that were in last year's newspapers, and makes various allusions that savor strongly of the plantations through which the back streets of New York City run. Passing his nimble fingers lightly over the strings, he gives 'Home Sweet Home' and 'The Mocking-Bird' with variations, just as they were played on the plantations that exist on the stage. To audiences in nearly every part of the country this scene is real and representative, because it falls in with their ideas of the plantation negro. Only the other day the editor of the Philadelphia *Times* remarked that 'it is doubtful if the real negro can be got very clearly into literature except by the way of minstrel shows and the comic drama.' This statement, ridiculous as it may seem to those who have the opportunity to compare the real negro with the stage negro, suggests the truth. It is not only difficult, but impossible, to displace the stage negro in literature with the real negro. The stage negro is ground into the public mind, and he cannot be ground out. It is so at the North, and, in a great measure, it is so at the South. The first song the writer ever learned was a string of nonsense with this chorus:

'Oh, Susanna! don't you cry for me,
I'm gwine to Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee!'

There was another in which the refrain advised everybody to hang up his banjo on the wall, and there was still another in which a negro, who was supposed to have lost his Nelly Gray, declared that he would 'take his banjo down and sing a little song.' Nelly, in the mean time, was down in Georgia 'a-toiling in the cotton and the cane.' These songs, and hundreds of similar ones, were written by white men who knew even less about the negro than they did about metre; but the ditties were sung all over the country, and there was nobody in the South willing to laugh good-humoredly at the idea of a negro girl (or man) toiling in the cane in Georgia. If the cane had been insisted on in negro stage literature as strenuously as the banjo has been, there would be few persons willing to laugh at it today.

Now, I am not going to laugh at the banjo any more than I laughed at the idea of the negro girl toiling in the Georgian cane. The banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation negroes, but I have never seen a plantation negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones in the hands of a plantation negro. This statement, however, should not be misunderstood. It covers an experience which was limited to plantations in the counties of Putnam, Jasper, Morgan, Greene, Hancock and Jones in Middle Georgia. The banjo may have been greatly in vogue on other plantations and in other parts of the South; but, if on other plantations, why not in Middle Georgia? In the counties I have named there were hundreds of Virginian negroes—negroes of every stripe and kind. If the banjo had been a favorite instrument among the negroes of any part of the country, surely it would have been in vogue in Middle Georgia; surely it would have been played on some of the Putnam plantations on the Oconee.

I have seen the negro at work and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have seen him scrape jubilantly on the

fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly upon the bugle, and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo. A year or more ago, a band of negro serenaders made its appearance upon the streets of Atlanta. The leader of this band carried a banjo, upon which he strummed while singing. His voice drowned out the banjo, but a close observer could see that he was thumping the strings aimlessly. I have heard of another negro since the war who could play the banjo, and there may be dozens who have acquired the art. But I think it is not wide of the truth to say that the genuine plantation negro left the banjo and banjo-playing to nimbler fingers.

But the old traditions will remain. What the negro did not care to do, the sentiment which has grown up around the stage negro has done, for him, and he will go down to history accompanied by his banjo. A representation of negro life and character has never been put upon the stage, nor anything remotely resembling it; but, to all who have any knowledge of the negro, the plantation darkey, as he was, is a very attractive figure. Is it a silly trick of the clowns to give him over to burlesque; for his life, though abounding in humor, was concerned with all that the imagination of man has made pathetic.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Literature

A New Edition of Keats.*

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS DESPATCH is authority for the statement that *The Athenæum* 'doubts the originality of Keats's letters to his brother George, mentioned in Dodd & Mead's New York prospectus of Speed's (of Louisville) edition of Keats.' The reason for *The Athenæum's* doubts is said to be that 'the specimen letter accompanying the prospectus differs slightly from the letter published by Lord Houghton.' What further reason *The Athenæum* may have we do not yet know, the number in which these doubts are expressed not having reached us; but we hope, for the sake of the paper's reputation for fair dealing, that it would not discredit the statement of so reputable a publishing house as that of Dodd, Mead & Co. on such slight provocation. In our own mind, we have not the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of these letters. Through the courtesy of the publishers we have been permitted to examine the originals, which have been temporarily intrusted to their care by the owner, Mr. James G. Speed, a grandnephew of John Keats. They are unquestionably genuine. The handwriting of Keats is unmistakable, and the postmark on the outside bears further proof of their authenticity, if further proof be necessary. Moreover, we have held the written page up to the light, and found the date '1818' in the water-mark. Mr. Speed has just inherited these letters from his mother, who was the daughter of George Keats, the poet's younger brother. George emigrated to America in 1818, and settled with his family at Louisville, Kentucky, where he died an honored citizen. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who knew him well, considered him a remarkable man, and wrote a biography of him a short time after his death.

About ten years ago Mr. Speed discovered, while examining the letters written by the poet to his brother in America, that the larger part of the letters were not included in Lord Houghton's 'The Life and Literary Remains of John Keats.' Questioning his mother, at that time the owner of the manuscripts, he learned that the originals had never been in Lord Houghton's hands, but that some of them, at his request, had been copied for him by the late Mr. John Jeffrey, who shortly after the death of George Keats became the husband of his widow. Mr. Jeffrey evi-

dently exercised his own discretion in making selections from the letters, and Mr. Speed does not hesitate to say in his introduction to the poems that his discretion was not wise. After making this discovery, Mr. Speed determined that whenever he could find a few days of leisure he would publish these letters in their entirety. That leisure has just come. He has been persuaded, however, to include all the letters of Keats in this volume, and for that purpose has not only transcribed the manuscripts preserved by his mother, but has borrowed from Lord Houghton's books the letters furnished to him by the literary friends and associates of Keats, and has also taken, from the book published by Mr. Buxton Forman, Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne. A few errors that Lord Houghton has inadvertently fallen into are pointed out by Mr. Speed. In the first place, George Keats was not the elder of the brothers, being two years John's junior, as he was born in 1797, while the poet was born in 1795. It was only natural that such an error should have been made, as George was larger and physically much stronger than either of his brothers, besides being more of a man of affairs. The second error pointed out, on the authority of a marginal note in Mr. Speed's grandmother's handwriting, made in her copy of Lord Houghton's book, is in regard to the color of Keats's hair and eyes. Lord Houghton says, upon the authority of a lady who remembers Keats at the time of Hazlitt's lectures: 'His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn. He wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face. His mouth was full and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness. It had an expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen, it was so wide over the forehead and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him.' Mrs. George Keats's note upon this is: 'A mistake. His eyes were dark brown, almost black, large, soft, expressive, and his hair was a golden red.' Another error which Lord Houghton very naturally fell into was that of supposing that Fanny Brawne, for whom Keats had so unfortunate an attachment, was the East Indian of whom he wrote in a letter to George Keats and his wife.

Among the manuscripts in Mr. Speed's possession are the first copies of a number of Keats's poems which he copied into the letters written to his brother George. And good long letters they are, beginning at the top of a sheet of foolscap—so high up that there is no room for a date-line above them. He kept the letters at hand, writing a little every day, and sending them off whenever a vessel was ready to sail for America. Among these manuscripts Mr. Speed has found the following sonnet, written in 1816. So far as he knows, it has not before been printed:

'There was a season when the fabled name
Of high Parnassus and Apollo's lyre
Seemed terms of excellence to my desire;
Therefore a youthful bard I may not blame.
But when the page of everlasting Truth
Has on the attentive mind its force imprest,
Then vanish all the affections dear in youth,
And love immortal fills the grateful breast.
The wonders of all ruling Providence,
The joys that from celestial mercy flow,
Essential beauty, perfect excellence,
Ennoble and refine the native glow
The poet feels; and thence his best resource
To paint his feelings with sublimest force.'

This new edition of Keats's works has already been announced in THE CRITIC. It will be ready by the 20th of this month, and will be the finest and most complete edition of the poet ever published.

* The Letters and Poems of John Keats. Edited, with memoir, by J. G. Speed. 3 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Biblical Study."*

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS about 'The Book' there seems no end. As the Protestant world is in the midst of its celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birthday, it finds itself in at least one striking parallel to the Reformation period, when fifteen hundred students were seen at Wittenberg, 'nearly all with their Bibles under their arms.' There is now a more wide-spread interest in the study of the Bible than has been known in Christendom for some generations. Unlike the Reformation study of the Bible, which was chiefly spiritual—though the labors of a Reuchlin and an Erasmus show that a literary study of the Scriptures was not wholly lacking—our age is mainly interested in the critical investigation of the sacred books. We, too, are re-discovering the Bible, as Luther in his way discovered it. The long-expected critical re-opening of the traditional judgment on the Bible is fairly upon us. In the docket of the XIXth Century tribunal this *cause célèbre* is now reached. Desperate attempts to secure a postponement avail no longer. The case is called. Evidences of this fact so dreaded by some are all around us, in the multiplying of books that crowd from the press upon this subject, of which one of the latest is the book before us. Union Theological Seminary seems likely to keep up its reputation for high scholarship in its faculty. It evidently means to move abreast of the rapidly advancing lines of Biblical inquiry, having already added to its previous departments the study of Arabic, Assyrian, Syriac and Chaldee. From this vigorous Seminary comes the admirable work which illustrates at once the learning and the temper with which Biblical criticism is there studied. One does not need a candle to find the presence of a profoundly conservative belief in the Bible in this volume. But, to use the ingenious distinction of Dr. Newman Smyth, there is no *orthodoxy* here. The most striking feature of the book is perhaps the wholesome, manly, reasonable spirit of the author in facing the spectre of the Higher Criticism. While of course it is to him largely 'Rationalism,' he proposes to go out of the entrenchments of authority and meet it in the open field with its own arms. He sees that there is another foe quite as much to be dreaded by the pious as this abhorrent monster—the spirit which he calls Scholasticism; the criticism which is meshed in the web of its own weaving, and deals with superstitious notions about the Bible and not with the living Bible itself. The frequent recurrence of passages expressing this attitude in such a book makes it a very cheering sign of the times. Could the Presbyterians of Scotland have read and heeded the judicious, temperate counsels of a notable passage in the first essay, they would not have lost their heads over Robertson Smith's heresies. Our author there contends sensibly that the question of authorship of a Biblical book is a matter of indifference; an opinion in which he has the sanction of no less a light of Protestantism than its great founder, of whom all men are thinking in these days, who counted it a question of no moment—not having the fear of the Boston Monday Lectureship before his eyes—whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch. Indeed, one is constantly reminded of Luther's free spirit in dealing with a living Bible, as he reads this book—and that we take to be high praise. Dr. Briggs is quite ready to confess, without any perturbations, that 'the Biblical traditions of the Creation, of the Deluge, of the Tower of Babel, are those of the Assyrians and Babylonians.' Such an admission is made, however, without any surrender of the received theory of the authorship of the Pentateuch as a whole; as is evidenced from statements like this: 'Moses is the father of the Hebrew language and literature, as Luther is of the

German.' Dr. Briggs has written, with great ability and ripe learning, a book which conservatives may read without being wounded, while being disposed to a fair and open attitude toward the new Criticism—a book, therefore, which liberals can read with very great satisfaction at meeting an opponent who does not forget the instincts of the gentleman, nor the principles of the Christian, in helping the Almighty take care of his Word.

"The Second Massachusetts."*

THOSE WHO LIKE to read of the War, but who are wearied of hearing of the dry details of military movements, generally illustrated by maps which make them quite incomprehensible, will be refreshed by this volume of Gen. Gordon. The Second Massachusetts was one of the most famous regiments of the War, if not the most famous of all. It was the first volunteer regiment accepted by the Government, and the first mustered in. From early in May, 1861, to early in July it was in camp at Brook Farm, near Boston, preparing to go to the front. On the 11th of July it forded the Potomac, and from that day till the War was over confronted the enemy. It was the creation of Gen. Gordon, and was under his command from the beginning to the end, either as Colonel or General. Its officers were, for the most part, young men from families of well-known names, of the best culture and the highest social position in and about Boston; and its rank and file were largely of the old Puritan stock that could fight as well as pray, that made Massachusetts what she was in the days when Ben Butler could never have been chosen as her Governor. Of what stuff the regiment was made is shown by the result of one of the battles in which it was engaged—that of Cedar Mountain—when out of its twenty-three officers sixteen were killed or wounded, and the loss in the whole regiment was thirty-five per cent. Such a body of men, standing shoulder to shoulder in a war of four years, fighting in many of its most famous battles, always conspicuous in the service for its discipline, its bravery, and its losses, must needs have a history, and no man's opportunities of observing it could be so good as his who commanded it. As a trained soldier he was its fit leader. With a moral courage as unflinching and as cool as his boldness at the head of his men in the thick of the fight; with the power of seeing what was most worth seeing, and of so relating it that others could see what he saw; with a great capacity for indignation, a keen sense of humor and of pathos, a humane sympathy for suffering which many battle-fields had not dulled, and with a patriotism that was always in a flame, there could be no historian of the career of such a regiment better qualified than he. There are readers, of course, who will not agree with him, for his opinions are decided, and they are set forth with strength and without restraint. But nobody will question their perfect honesty, and not many will feel that they are qualified to say that he is not generally in the right. He does not always agree with Governor Andrew; he is sometimes indignant with the War Department, for which, if he could care for it, he has our hearty forgiveness; he laughs at Pope; and from that soldier of the primary meeting, Banks, he hacks off the spurs and tears off the shoulder-straps without mercy; and he is not tender of some Confederate generals and Confederate historians, particularly of Stonewall Jackson and his biographers; but for all these things the volume is the more, not the less, entertaining and refreshing. The narratives of battles are always clear and never tedious; and as an accurate and vivid representation of the War as it was in the experience of the soldier in the camp, in the field, in the merciless invasion, in the hurried

* Biblical Study. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain. In the War of the Great Rebellion, 1861-62. By George H. Gordon, Brevet Major-General, etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

retreat, in all its enjoyments and its sufferings, its careless hilarity and its despondencies, its victories and its defeats, the volume is peculiarly attractive. The remaining half of the history of the regiment is yet to be told.

"Beyond the Gates."*

WE UNDERSTAND that there are people who find consolation in the imaginative flights of Miss Phelps into what Mrs. Whitney would have called simply 'The Beyond'; though why we should be consoled by the imagination of another who cannot by any possibility know more about the matter than we do ourselves, is certainly a mystery. Indeed, were it not for Miss Phelps's name on the title-page of 'Beyond the Gates,' we should dismiss the book, accepting as an apology for it the author's statement in the opening chapter that at the time she wrote it, she had been ill for several weeks with brain fever. But because we have a very sincere admiration for much of Miss Phelps's other work, we feel that it behooves us to read carefully even this. We find that the grounds of consolation are somewhat as follows: we shall have a house and 'grounds' in heaven; there will be beds of mignonette, which will not be crushed when we lie down on them; and the birds will sing *Te Deums*; we shall be—O bliss unspeakable!—hungry sometimes in heaven; there will be Symphonies in Color, and if we ever begin to feel lonely, wondering why heaven does not provide us with a home of our own—if, in short, we feel a slight dissatisfaction with our father's and mother's house and grounds—a superior being will slowly unfold before us, exclaiming in a sepulchral tone not to be denied: 'Come! I am appointed to love you! you are to love me! We shall love through all eternity! Come!' We are told that our departed friends frequently call at the house where we are to dwell after death, to inquire pleasantly when we are 'expected.' This may be to some an agreeable assurance, but it sounds to us very like the experience described by the less imaginative and more superstitious as 'feeling some one walking over your grave.'

The only interesting part of Miss Phelps's book is her enumeration, when she first reaches heaven, of the things she longs to do and to investigate. As to any value in the workings of her imagination, we can only say that whatever awaits us in that other world in which most of us believe, although for widely differing reasons, it has not yet entered into the heart of man, or of woman, to conceive anything like what it will be. One subtle lesson there is, indeed, in Miss Phelps's teaching, which we fear she never intended: In creating a heaven so very like earth, has she not suggested that earth is itself a heaven in its possibilities?

"Dulce Domum."†

WE WERE SO FORTUNATE not long ago as to re-discover the genius of Mr. Edwin Booth. That is, having gone to see him play *Iago*, we were beguiling the weary time till he should appear upon the stage with watching the actor of a subordinate part, who had very little to do but to shrug his shoulders and lounge against a wall, but who shrugged and lounged so well that we predicted to a friend that the subordinate would yet make his mark on the stage as no uncommon actor. We were roused from our remarks by hearing the lounge suddenly addressed by some one on the stage with, 'How now, *Iago*!' We may be placing ourselves in a similar position in calling attention to the poetry of Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor. The world may know all about him already, yet the fact remains that our pleasure in his book of poems, 'Dulce Domum,' was heightened by a feeling as of first discovery. The 'Dulce Domum' of

which he sings is not the fireside sweet home, but the wide home of our whole country. The poems are strikingly original, yet if they remind us of any other poet, it is of Lowell, not of Swinburne. There is a ringing vitality about the book which is a great charm, not the least of its attractions being due to the unconsciousness of the author of anything but the desire to hurry on with his hilarious outburst. Here we have no solemn epic, no sonnet with each line a carefully-set thought, no mournful lyric; here are life, freshness, movement, joy—with good things tripping over each other so fast, that the reader is in danger of not noticing half of them; as in the fine lines about the Mail Express, where, if ever, the sound is an echo of the sense, when we learn the rate of speed by hearing that

'The mile-posts all are cheek by jowl,
And sixty in an hour,'

or better still,

'The telegraphic poles grow dense
As forests of the tall bamboo.'

Occasionally some tender and pretty conceit moves slowly enough for us to dwell a moment on its prettiness; as the description of an April day, when

'The eaves ticked fast like mantel clocks;'

when we are told of the mountains in Colorado 'lifting forever at high tide'; or when with the poet we

'hear the keys in crystal locks

Slow turn to let the rivers run;'

or again when

'The prairie-schoolers' canvas white,
Like eggs of ants in beaded line,
Would creep all day, all day in sight,
As blossoms on a creeping vine.'‡

More ambitious than these is the lovely description of California, too long to quote, when

'December's lips, with berries stained,
Are pressed upon the cheek of June;
October's hand is violet-veined,
And morning-glories last till noon.'

There is also much humor in the book, of a kind to remind us again of Lowell. Nor is it without seriousness. There is a fine and thoughtful poem on 'The Beauty of Death,' and graceful tributes to Whittier, Howard Payne, and Lincoln—the man who

'Never caused a tear but when he died
And set the flags around the world half-mast.'

"Guenn."*

IT IS A PLEASURE to find the author of that bit of trivial brightness known as 'One Summer' taking a higher aim and meeting with a much finer success; for her story of 'Guenn,' though far too long, and with a most hackneyed plot, betrays the literary conscience, and a pen in training, if not already trained. The story is interesting, and Guenn herself is admirably drawn, certain scenes being perfect of their kind; but that which would have been impressive as a sketch loses its force when spun into a novel. We have but one fault to find with the author: she has taken too much pains, busying herself so deeply with the setting of her little tragedy as to let the tragedy itself lose force. She has given us a series of pictures of Breton life, to which she has evidently devoted the most conscientious care; there cannot be a doubt that they are faithful even to the smallest details, and they succeed in giving the picturesque 'feeling' of the life and people; yet, after all, to construct our Brittany by putting together the many chapters of Miss Howard's story gives one such a feeling as the lady must

* Beyond the Gates. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
† Dulce Domum. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

* Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast. By the author of One Summer. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

have experienced who received by express a box containing a rare and valuable jar, in pieces: the sender had thought the article, bought cheap because damaged, would be supposed broken on its journey; a little plan unfortunately spoiled by the dealer's having wrapped each fragment in a separate bit of paper. It is almost too bad to find fault with an author for too elaborate effort; but Miss Howard has simply trespassed upon the domain of other artists: she has described, and described, and described—where one stroke of an artist's brush would be worth all her pen-and-ink sketches; one glance at a picture of Clement Swift's on the Breton coast being worth the whole of Miss Howard's four hundred and fifty pages.

Minor Notices.

THIS IS CERTAINLY the age of international criticism, appropriation and discussion, and of international audiences. The Occident translates and interprets for the Orient; the same books flash forth simultaneously from half-a-dozen different capitals; apathy becomes eupathy, and contempt turns itself into tolerance or even liking. Here, for instance, are two Cubans, one of whom, Enrique Piñeyro, in his 'Poetas Famosos del Siglo XIX: Sus Vidas y Sus Obras' (Madrid), interprets the recent poetic movements of England, France, Germany, and Italy for the Castilians as well as for the Cubans; while the other, A. Sellen, in his 'Ecos del Sena' (Havana), translates, without 'translating,' specimen songs from Hugo, Lamartine, de Musset, Béranger, and fourteen or so other poets. Señor Piñeyro seems to have been moved to the composition of his work by the effective and admirable studies of Brandes in his 'Hovedstrømninger i det nittende Aarhundredes Litteratur,' though as compared with the finish and fullness of Brandes' volumes his sketches are both ineffective and unadmirable. Still, as the Spanish phrase goes, 'Tienen algo que decir': they have something worth the saying, and they are a welcome indication of awakening literary interest in the Ever-Faithful Isle. The English 'poets militant' subjected to a very mild and unaggressive criticism are Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth. In his 'Echoes from the Seine,' Señor Sellen gives some musical reminiscences of the famous romantic group of Gallic poets. The volume comes with singular propriety as a sort of *addendum* of illustration to the French section of Piñeyro's work, which contains no illustrative quotations.

THE ELOQUENCE for which the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin was justly famed remains in the memory of those who heard him in his prime but cannot be preserved in a book. Therefore any life of him must be disappointing. People involuntarily expect to find in such a volume some representation of the orator they knew, and this no biographer can give them. Still, there is an interest attaching to the outlines of his life, to the account of his early successes in the same field in which he later won so many triumphs, and of the various labors and successive stages of his brilliant career. These details are given to us by the Rev. Dr. Sumner Ellis from the best sources at command, though materials are somewhat meagre, even here. (Boston: Universalist Publishing House.) The broad spirit of humanity, too, and the earnestness in every philanthropic work, which permeated his whole character, are brought to our minds, and the book increases our thankfulness that there have been, and still are, such whole-souled men.

'THE REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN,' by ex-Governor Perry, of South Carolina (Philadelphia: John D. Avil & Co.), is dedicated by the author to some of his grandchildren, and might have been printed for them rather than published. It contains a brief sketch of his life by a son, and, for the rest, is only a series of sketches of men more or less notable in their time, with whom the author had been on terms of friendship or whom he had casually met. These sketches are hardly long enough to be biographies, and in themselves are not of much value. They might all have been told to his grandchildren by the narrator seated in his armchair in the family circle, where undoubtedly they would have been received with pleasure, and even as instructive. Their chief interest is personal, and the volume may well be cherished by the author's descendants.

IN WRITING 'The Calumet of the Coteau' and the other 'poetical legends of the border' included in the volume published under that name (Lippincott), Mr. P. W. Norris has been sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust that 'others' may be encouraged 'to fill future poetic volumes of authentic history.' When, however, we come upon such stanzas as the following,

'Slaughtered amid the gardens,
And driven from the plain,
Small-pox among the wardens,
Missouri's bath was vain,'

we cannot say Amen to the author's hope. Mr. Morris's 'history' may be 'authentic'; but with an already-existent interest in the American aborigines, and a desire to see their traits and legends made use of by poets and romancers, we cannot conscientiously praise the poetic element in this volume. Mr. Morris has been sensible enough to bolster up his verses with much useful prose, including a glossary of Indian names and words and Western provincialisms, together with a guide-book of the Yellowstone National Park, of which for five years he has been Superintendent. The book is illustrated, and contains a map of the scene of Custer's last fight, seven and a half years ago.

IN HIS 'Diccionario Tecnológico Inglés-Español y Español-Inglés' (New York) Señor N. Ponce de Leon is making a useful and valuable addition to our stock of foreign technological and scientific dictionaries. The first two numbers lie before us and give promise of a succinct and yet comprehensive word-book of technical phrases, terms, and compounds. It is interesting to note the ready adaptability of the Spanish to the introduction of verbal novelties from other languages, such as *cablear*, *cablegrama*, *telefonar*, etc. This Dictionary, though fundamentally a translation of Tollhausen's well-known work, contains the cream of no less than 33 other dictionaries; and it is a dictionary not so much of definitions as of equivalents for scientific terms in one or the other language. A chatty little preface tells us exactly how the work originated, and ends with the Andalusian epigram, 'Pues hágalo Vd. mejor' ('Then do better yourself'), addressed to an imaginary or Carping Critic.

TOLD WITH PERFECT simplicity and evident impartiality, the story of 'Marie Antoinette,' as given by Sarah Tytler in the New Plutarch Series (Putnam), is one of the finest brief portrayals of an historic life and period that we have read for a long time. There is not the slightest attempt at fine writing, nor the slightest reliance upon the somewhat factitious elements employed by Abbott in his histories; yet the result is a calm statement of facts, which in its effect upon the reader reminds one of Ristori's acting of the unfortunate Queen; the coloring being given, not by gushing enthusiasm and indignant sympathy, but by imaginative insight into the young Queen's temptations, trials, and temperament.

'SLAVONIC LITERATURE,' by W. R. Morfill (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is a useful little book, consisting of a compilation of facts which interest all students of languages or history, drawn from reliable sources. All the ramifications of the early Slavonic race, speech, or literary expression are considered, individually and relatively. The chapters treating of the early literatures of Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Bulgaria, and Little Russia are particularly interesting. The work is a modest but valuable addition to the student's library.

PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY of 'the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language' is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., with a continuation by Mr. John Foster Kirk. The 'Golden Treasury' was published in 1860, and no additions had since been made to it. It contained nothing written by poets then living, and scarcely anything later than 1830. Mr. Kirk has brought the book down to date, and thereby added greatly to its usefulness.

IN 'OLD TESTAMENT ETHICS VINDICATED,' a little book published by the author, the Rev. W. A. Jarrel, of Granville, Texas, there are a good many true things, crudely and harshly said, and some false things; for instance, that, 'as a basis to ethics, the Old Testament teaches the doctrine of future rewards and punishments.' Whether or not this doctrine is found in the Old Testament, it certainly is not there made the 'basis to ethics.'

HUNDREDS—we had almost said thousands—of mammas will thank Messrs. Porter & Coates for putting Mr. Clement C. Moore's 'Night Before Christmas' into book form. This has long been and will long be the children's favorite Christmas story. The illustrations are sufficiently descriptive though not very artistic. 'Bingen on the Rhine' has been printed in similar style by this firm and is illustrated more satisfactorily.

ADJECTIVES ARE IN DEMAND, now that the lovely Christmas books for children are pouring in upon us. The latest always seems the loveliest, but it will be hard for anything prettier to follow 'Told in the Twilight,' by F. E. Weatherley, illustrated in color. (Dutton.) The verses are a mingling of the comical and the pathetic, so that the bedtime story can be adapted to each child's temperament.

THE HANDSOMEST BOOK that has come out of Philadelphia in many a long day is Messrs. Lippincott's new edition of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' The Artists' Edition, they call it; and well they may, for it contains examples of the work of upward of twenty well-known illustrators.

Recent Fiction.

'**SNUG HARBOR**' is another of the 'Boat-Builder Series' (Lee & Shepard), in which Oliver Optic endeavors to impress upon growing boys that a trade is not disgraceful, and that to be a good mechanic is very much better than being a poor clerk, too often without a clerkship. The idea is excellent, but we think the author goes too far in desiring high schools to be abolished—that is, abolished from state control and taxes, though he has no objection to their being left open, like colleges, for private support and patronage, with perhaps scholarships endowed by the state. A boy will make a better mechanic for having a good education, and high schools with industrial departments would be better institutions than industrial schools which will 'have nothing to do' with Greek, Latin, German, or French. The closing chapters of the book, full of practical details of the carpenter's bench and the machine-shop, are admirable for the interest they excite in practical work; but the author makes a great mistake in thinking to propitiate his boy-readers by a little sensation mixed with his advice, and the first twelve chapters of the book, dealing with robberies, murder, and 'rows,' which have nothing to do with boat-building except that the 'rows' take place on a lake, are very poor reading for anybody.

IT IS HARD to believe that 'Vagabondia' (Osgood) was written by the author of 'That Lass of Lowrie's,' and almost as hard to believe that the author of 'That Lass of Lowrie's' should care to republish 'Vagabondia.' It is a foolish and far-fetched story, made up of hackneyed material stretched to cover a good deal of surface. And, by the way, what a trial it must have been to Mrs. Burnett, who has lately imported all her heroine's gowns from Worth, to be obliged to look over and 'turn' the scanty wardrobe of her Bohemian girl.

'**PHIL AND HIS FRIENDS**,' by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard), is the story of a poor boy stung by his sufferings from a father who was not disturbed by debt, into a keen sense of the beauty and honor of honest work. We are glad of so good a lesson so forcibly impressed, and Mr. Trowbridge has been wise in not making his hero either too good or too successful a lad for one of his education and chances.

'**FELICITAS**,' by Felix Dahn, translated by Mary J. Safford (W. S. Gottsberger), is an historical novel, or rather story, of the less ambitious kind, the time being that of the Vth Century. In spite of its name, its material is chiefly of the painful order, and the story itself is dull.

'**THE THREE CHUMS**,' by M. L. Ridley (T. Whittaker), is a story of school-boys. It is not remarkably original or brilliant, but it is not uninteresting, and is excellent in tone.

MACMILLAN & Co. have reprinted 'The Little Schoolmaster, Mark,' by J. H. Shorthouse, from the pages of *The English Illustrated Magazine*.

'**LAURA**,' by Elizabeth E. Evans (Lippincott), is a very flat and uninteresting story, told with the worst possible taste.

The Modern Rhymers.

I.

Now you who rhyme, and I who rhyme,
Have not we sworn it, many a time—
That we no more our verse would scrawl
For Shakspeare he had said it all!
And yet whatever others see
The world is fresh to you and me—
And birds that sing, and winds that blow,
And flowers that make the country glow,
And lusty swains, and maidens bright,
And clouds by day, and stars by night;
And all the pictures in the skies
That passed before Will Shakspeare's eyes,
Love, hate, and scorn,—frost, fire and flower—
On us as well as him have power.
Go to—our spirits shall not be laid,
Silenced and smothered by a shade.
Avon is not the only stream
Can make a poet sing and dream;
Nor are those castles, queens and kings
The height of sublunary things.

II.

Beneath the false moon's pallid glare,
By the cool fountain in the square
(This gray-green dusty square that's set
Where two gigantic highways met)
We hear a music strange and new,
Will Shakspeare, was not known to you!
You saw the new world's sun arise,
High up it shines in our own skies.
You saw the ocean from the shore,
Through mid-seas now our ship doth roar,—
A wild, new, teeming world of men
That wakens in the poet's brain
Thoughts that were never thought before—
Of hope, and longing, and despair:
Wherein man's never resting race
Westward, still westward, on doth fare,
Doth still subdue, and still aspire,
Or turning on itself doth face
Its own indomitable fire—
O million-centuried thoughts that make
The Past seem but a shallop's wake!

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, 1883. R. W. GILDER.

The True Charles Lamb.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In a letter published recently in *THE CRITIC*, a correspondent takes 'serious exception'—as well he may—to what are alleged to be Mr. Thomas Powell's personal reminiscences of Charles Lamb, reported by the New York correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*. Mr. Powell, who has himself in his day made many books, beginning with a volume of verse published by Bentley of London in 1842, is an Englishman, but for thirty years past has resided in New York. As a young man in London he enjoyed the personal friendship of Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, 'Barry Cornwall,' Talfourd, Trelawney, Browning, Tennyson, Horne, Dickens—in short, nearly every literary personage who lived in the British metropolis half a century ago. To hear related from his own lips his recollections of these distinguished people who were his companions, preceptors or collaborators is peculiarly interesting, because his talks are rich in those shades of character delineation, often conveyed by a gesture, a facial expression or a tone, which do not get into books, much less newspapers, yet which are closer to the life than the carefulest pen-picture. Many a morning, in some desk-hemmed nook of Frank Leslie's editorial rooms, with the rush and reality of 'down-town' New York clanging all

about, have I drawn upon the treasures of the old gentleman's memory, until

'The tide of time flowed back with me'

to the days of the living Charles Lamb, with his moodiness and flashful esprit; the days of the romantic Trelawney; of the dreamy, passionate, rich-voiced young Tennyson; of the animal-spirited boy Dickens.

Let me say at once that Mr. Powell never described Lamb as 'a fine, portly, wholesome and jovial man,' with 'a buoyant, elastic temperament.' His real description I have so often listened to, that I fancy I can see in my mind's eye the delightful Elia in his habit as he lived: the slight, unsteady figure, clad in old-fashioned waistcoat and small clothes, the large head, with its fine aquiline profile and sparse covering of grayish hair; the solemnity of manner, and the wistful, half-apologetic expression of his face as he stammered or blurted out his amazing drolleries at the most (seemingly) inopportune moments and places. The 'insuperable proclivity for gin,' which Carlyle so ungraciously mentions in his *Reminiscences*—that, too, must be remembered, though with forgiving tenderness. I am afraid it is to this same proclivity that we owe some of the best things Elia ever said: this is certainly true as regards most of those recounted of him by my venerable friend. The best portrait extant is, in Mr. Powell's opinion, that by Maclise, which is prefixed to the most recent edition of Lamb's works. It shows him seated at a table, with his folios—his 'midnight darlings'—before him, and his glass at his elbow; a characteristic presentment, and one not likely to be superseded by any 'new view.'

NEW YORK, 6 December, 1883.

HENRY TYRRELL.

The Lounger

MR. TENNYSON, it seems, has decided to accept Her Majesty's offer of a peerage. 'The question,' Mr. Smalley says, was 'supposed to be complicated by the recent engagement of his [Tennyson's] eldest son to a young lady with every admirable quality, but without fortune.' Her Majesty objects to making peers of men who cannot afford to properly support the title. Mr. Tennyson has a comfortable income, and one on which he can live as a peer should, while his books continue to sell and while he continues to write. His son, however, who would inherit the title, will not, in the nature of things, have as handsome an income as his father. As a peer he cannot conveniently engage in any money-making business except as a capitalist, so the only thing left for him to do to replenish his purse is to marry rich. This scheme young Mr. Tennyson has spoiled by the engagement already entered into. It seems to me that the temptation to remain an untitled, independent citizen would be greater than to become a peer—but then I am not an Englishman. It is said that the Laureate's title will be Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt, of Aldworth.

SOME UNPLEASANT THINGS have been said of Mr.—I should have said Baron—Tennyson's poem in *The Youth's Companion*, the chief cause of dissatisfaction with it seeming to lie in the assumption that the poet received a thousand dollars for it. But this is an assumption and nothing more. I do not believe Lord Tennyson has authorized any statement of the amount received for the poem, and I know that the *Companion*, while it pays handsomely for what it wants, justly regards its pecuniary relations with its contributors as office secrets, and does not wish to acquire a reputation for extravagant and indiscriminating expenditures.

MR. WALTER BESANT is very much excited over that useful little instrument the type-writer. Though he has not yet seen one, he writes an enthusiastic column to *The Athenaeum* about it. All he has seen is a manuscript written with a type-writing machine, which Mr. W. M. Laffan showed him a few weeks ago in London. Mr. Besant thinks that he understood Mr. Laffan to say that Harper & Bros. had all their manuscripts so copied. This is a misunderstanding. For one reason or another, editors do not care much for type-written manuscripts. The editor of *Harper's* and the editor of *The Century* both told me not long ago that they would rather read an ordinarily well-written pen-and-ink manuscript than one written with a machine. Printers and proof-readers feel differently. They like words that cannot be mistaken for other words, and these the type-writer gives

them. Mr. Besant wants to see type-writing offices established in London at once. He thinks that they would be the greatest boon to authors, who could, as it were, read the proofs of their articles before they were sent to the printer, thereby saving the great cost of authors' corrections. Mr. Besant's idea is to have the author send his MS. to the type-writer office to be copied. He does not seem to know that operators on these machines take down from author's dictation at the rate of seventy-five or eighty words a minute. It is astonishing that an invention so commonly used in this country should be virtually unknown in England. It suggests an opening for some enterprising American.

AS I LISTENED to Mme. Semprich dropping her liquid notes through the music introduced into 'The Barber of Seville' a few nights ago, at the new opera house, my memory carried me back to the first time I heard this opera—the first opera I ever heard, by the way. It was in Trenton, New Jersey, nearly twenty years ago. I came up in a special train from a smaller town, with a number of other country folk. Parepa—she had not married Rosa then—was the Rosina, Ferranti, the Barber, a Signor Testa the Almaviva, and Mr. S. Behrens the leader and orchestra at once, his pianoforte accompaniment being the only instrumental part of the performance. The stage was so small that when Parepa was on it there was hardly room for anyone else, and one scene was made to do for every act. Yet I enjoyed that performance as I have seldom enjoyed one since. I thought there had never been anything half so grand as Parepa's singing (I am partly of that opinion still), and that Ferranti was the funniest man in the world. In the singing lesson scene, Rosina sang 'Five o'clock in the Morning'—a simple song, simply sung; but who that ever heard Parepa-Rosa sing it will forget the delight it gave him?

KEATS'S ONLY SISTER, Fanny, is still living in Madrid. She married Señor Llanos, a Spanish gentleman of liberal politics, and the author of 'Don Esteban,' Sandoval, the Freemason, and other illustrations of the modern history of the Peninsula. During the existence of the Spanish Republic, he represented Spain at the Court of Rome. Their son, Juan Llanos Keats, is an artist of high repute in Spain.

MR. BOOTH has returned to New York—the scene of many of his triumphs as an actor, and of his signal defeat as a manager—to play a round of familiar parts—parts in which he has achieved both fame and fortune. I am very sorry to see that he has not taken to heart the lesson Mr. Irving has, incidentally, taught his American rivals—the propriety, that is, of furnishing dramatic stars with adequate support. Mr. Booth is reported to have said, in this connection, that he is not a manager but an actor. But surely it is within the province of an actor to see that he is not, figuratively speaking, supported by a bundle of sticks, loosely bound together. An artist of Mr. Booth's high reputation owes it to himself to come before the public only with worthy surroundings. His present company is the worst with which he has ever been provided.

THE RETIREMENT of Mr. Carl Schurz from the editorial management of *The Evening Post* may have been a surprise to the general public, but those who have best known Mr. Schurz's views on vexed public questions have anticipated this movement for some time. I never thought that a hydra-headed newspaper could be a success, particularly when the heads are of different nationalities. It is one thing to have three of the best editorial writers on a paper, but quite another to have them its editors and proprietors.

MR. BOUTON has imported a few copies, printed by Quantin in his most beautiful manner, of Baudelaire's translation of 'Histoires Extraordinaires de Edgar Poe.' The book is illustrated with twelve full-page etchings and a portrait of Poe etched by Chiffart. I don't know where M. Chiffart got his idea of Poe. He represents him as a wild-eyed young man with a smooth upper lip and little English side-whiskers. It doesn't look half as much like Poe as it does like a Methodist class-leader, but it is interesting as giving us the French idea of the author of 'The Raven.' It is very similar, by the way, to Doré's conception of the hero of that famous poem.

A Needed History of Sculpture.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I was much disappointed at finding that Mrs. Mitchell's New History of Sculpture includes only Ancient Sculpture. Several works on that subject already exist. Perry and Murray have given us large volumes; Redford, a manual small and dry. But to find an equally full account of Sculpture after the Vth Century A.D. is quite another matter. Detached periods are taken up in expensive and dull volumes, but I am not aware of any continuous and complete history of Modern Sculpture, except that in the second volume of Lübke's large History of Ancient and Modern Sculpture. That is particularly full and detailed in regard to the Gothic sculpture, but inadequate in treating of Michael Angelo, and unjust to Flaxman. Why will not Mrs. Mitchell or some one else give us a History of Sculpture from Egypt to the XIXth Century in one moderate-sized volume, leaving out the small men, and giving us the great names, the leading characteristics and the formative influences of each epoch? There is no such book to be had now. A translation of Viardot's 'Wonders of Sculpture,' which professed to do this, is old-fashioned and out of print. Such a volume ought to be illustrated by wood-cuts. It should be condensed enough to sell for two dollars, or three at the most. It would be a great boon to the average reader, and to

A PERPLEXED TEACHER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1883.

Molinos the Quietist.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The recent publication of 'Golden Thoughts from the Spiritual Guide' of Molinos has probably been made in ignorance of the fact that a similar publication, and of about the same dimensions, was made in this country some sixty years ago. Its title-page ran as follows: 'The Spiritual Guide: An abstract from a larger work by Michael de Molinos. Philadelphia: Published by Benjamin and Thomas Kite, No. 20 North Third Street. 1821.' This edition fills 143 pages, that of Messrs. Scribner, 134. The reduction in both cases is effected mainly by the omission of references and of citations from the Fathers and the Saints. What little circulation it had then was mostly among the Friends. I have seen but one copy of it.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1883.

Notes

'JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND,' by Max O'Rell, will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons immediately, simultaneously with the publication of the English edition. This much-talked-of skit has reached its twentieth edition in Paris, and it is said that every copy of the first English edition has been ordered by the trade. The translation has been made under the supervision of the author, and the book is said to have gained rather than lost in brightness by the process.

We understand that Messrs. Scribner have in press a volume of poems by Mr. Andrew Lang.

Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. will sell, early in March, the fine library of Mr. Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn. The specialties of this collection are geography, voyages, and travels. A copy of Colden's 'History of the Five Nations,' published in New York in 1727, and Capt. John Smith's 'Historie of Virginia' (1692), are among the books.

'How John Norton Kept his Christmas,' by W. H. H. Murray, with fourteen illustrations by A. B. Frost, will be printed in an eight-page supplement to next week's *Harper's Weekly*. The scene is laid in the Adirondacks, and the two principal characters, John Norton and Wild Bill, are real men.

An 'extra-illustrated' edition of Shakspeare, said to have cost the illustrator \$18,000, will be sold at auction by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., probably in January.

From J. R. Osgood & Co., we have received an excellent print of their heliotype of J. F. Millet's 'The Sower'—one of the most characteristic, and therefore one of the most beautiful, of that master's paintings.

When Clark Russell's 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' was first offered to Mr. Bentley, that publisher was advised to have nothing to do with it, as it was 'a mere catalogue of ship's furniture.' Another instance of a 'reader's' mistakes.

A new edition of 'The Girl of the Period' essays, reprinted from *The Saturday Review*, is published in London with the name of the author, Eliza Lynn Linton, acknowledged on the title-page.

'The Bread-Winners' will probably be published by Messrs. Harper next week.

A. C. Armstrong & Son will have but a small edition of 'Art in Chaldea' ready before the holidays.

A sale of illustrated fine art and illuminated books and engravings will be held at Clinton Hall next week, beginning on Monday evening.

The first number of *The Week*, 'an independent journal of literature, politics, and criticism,' has reached us from Toronto. It has none of the rawness in its appearance usual with new papers, but seems quite like an old-established review. There is a good deal of Mr. Edgar Fawcett in this issue—three lyrics, and the beginning of a serial story, 'The Adventures of a Widow.'

The title of Mr. J. C. Derby's book, to be published by G. W. Carleton & Co., will be 'Fifty Years Among Authors, Publishers and Booksellers,' with portraits.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, 'To Leeward,' is published to-day by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A volume of fifty-four autograph letters written by Gen. Washington to Gen. Joseph Reed between October 30th, 1775, and April 15th, 1776, bound by Bedford, was sold at the sale of the Cooke library, last week, to Mr. John R. Bartlett, of Providence, for \$2900. The late Mr. Joseph J. Cooke bought the collection at the sale of the Menzies Library in 1876 for \$2250. The sale just closed was of the third part of Mr. Cooke's library, and the receipts were over \$30,000.

The first two volumes of Lord Lytton's *Life of his father* have appeared in London.

The holiday number of *The Art Interchange* is enlivened with a colored design by Miss Emmet representing Psyche, with her attendant butterflies, poised at a river's brink. It is quite a successful piece of color-printing.

To meet the wants of this art age, Cassell & Co. have published a hand-book on 'China Painting' by Florence Lewis, with sixteen colored illustrations showing the various processes of the work.

Mr. H. C. Bunner's poems, 'Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere,' will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in March.

The beautiful Parchment Edition of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes, is just completed by D. Appleton & Co.

S. E. Cassino & Co., of Boston, have issued as a more pretentious Christmas card Byrant's 'Fringed Gentian,' in which the artist has made the poet himself play the hero; also, 'Flowers of the Sea,' and 'The Coming of the Birds,' by Elaine Goodale, printed in facsimile of the author's autograph, and illustrated by Alexander Pope.

Le Livre for November is unusually interesting. It contains an extended sketch of Tourguéneff, with a striking portrait.

Max Müller compliments Charles Godfrey Leland, through the columns of *The Athenaeum*, on his aboriginal researches.

Mme. Camille Selden has issued a volume of recollections of Heine's last days.

The holiday number of *The American Bookseller* is an imposing volume, fully entitled to the dignity of ranking as a book.

'An Irvingite' has replied, through Routledge & Sons, to Mr. William Archer's criticism of Henry Irving as actor and manager. The 'Irvingite' writes in a rage and is very amusing. Collectors of the curiosities of stage literature will be interested in the little book.

Swinton's Story-Teller is reprinting some excellent stories, mingling them more or less skilfully with new ones. In republishing Hawthorne's characteristic sketch, 'John Ingelfield's Thanksgiving,' however, the editor has taken a liberty that cannot easily be pardoned. The last three sentences, containing the moral of the story, are omitted. Now the lessons which Hawthorne draws from his stories are always interesting, if sometimes rather trite. In the present instance the moral is an important addition to the sketch, which suffers from the curtailment.

William P. Nimmo & Co., of Edinburgh, have published an edition of Sir Noel Paton's 'Compositions from Shakspeare's 'Tempest' and Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound.'

President John Taylor, of the Mormon Church, is preparing a statement of the political and social attitude of the Latter-day Saints, for the January number of the *North American*.

People who are wondering as to the authorship of 'The Bread-Winners' may be recommended to read a short story published in *Lippincott's Magazine* ten or fifteen years ago. It was called 'The Blood Seedling,' and was signed by John Hay.

'The Forty Immortals'—the French Academy—will be described in the January *Century*, portraits of many famous men being given in connection with the letter-press. For the same number Mr. Stockton has written a short story called 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'

'Husbandry in Colony Times' will be the subject and title of Dr. Edward Eggleston's paper in the January *Century*, in continuation of his series on early American colonial history.

Mr. Foster's *Monthly Reference Lists* for November cover the Luther anniversary, under the caption, 'Some Recent Views of Martin Luther,' and 'John Quincy Adams's Administration' (1825-9).

J. S. of Dale has written 'a powerful allegorical sketch' for *The Independent*.

At a general meeting of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island on Thursday, General Webb, of the College of the City of New York, read an interesting paper on what the Institution is doing and may do.

Mr. Pinero's 'Girls and Boys,' after a run of one week at Daly's Theatre, was replaced on Wednesday evening by 'Seven-Twenty-Eight,' Mr. Daly's popular comedy of last season.

The great tenor, Mario, Count of Candia, died at Rome last Tuesday evening, at the age of seventy-one. His last appearance in this city was made eleven years ago. He was even then an old man, and his voice a mere remnant of what it had been.

La Nuova Antologia for November 1 contains 'A Page on Temporal Power,' by Ruggero Bonghi, founded upon a French book, 'The Cardinal Carlo Carafa (1519-1561): A Study on the Pontificate of Paul IV.,' by George Duruy; 'In Calabria,' a curious story of witchcraft; 'The Exposition at Zurich,' full of valuable statistics and interesting descriptions; 'Dalla Kupe,' Part III. of Barrili's last romance; 'The Neutrality of Savoy,' an able paper by an ex-diplomat; and 'The Siren,' a dramatic poem in verse, in one act.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce as ready for delivery 'Bryce's Pearl English Dictionary,' containing about 15,000 words in 384 pages of clear pearl type, comprising, besides the ordinary and newest words in the language, short explanations of a large number of scientific, philosophical, literary, and technical terms. They also announce, to be ready in a few days, two volumes, entitled 'Chips from Dickens' and 'Chips from Thackeray,' by Thomas Mason, which form part of a series called Chips from Standard Authors.

BALTIMORE has in turn paid her tribute to the memory of Longfellow. It took the form of an artistic entertainment on Monday last at the Academy of Music. The poet's chief works were represented by music, readings, living pictures and statuary. Eight of his songs were sung by amateurs, and Prof. E. G. Daves read a canto from 'Evangeline,' and the 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns.' During the latter reading, was displayed upon the stage the original banner of Count Pulaski, which was borne by Maryland troops during the Revolution, and is now one of the treasures of the Maryland Historical Society. The tableaux were Longfellow's children, 'The Village Blacksmith,' the embarkation of the Acadians in 'Evangeline,' a gypsy scene from 'The Spanish Student,' and the death of the 'Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille.' A striking group of statuary, designed by Prof. Rabillon of the Johns Hopkins University, represented the apotheosis of Longfellow. On a lofty monument was a sitting figure of the poet. Grouped around the shaft in high relief were Evangeline, Minnehaha, the Skeleton in Armor, and the youth in 'Excelsior.' At the base stood Britannia and America offering laurel wreaths to the bard, while a chorus of children, emblematic of innocence, encircled the pedestal. The receipts of the entertainment will go to the Cambridge Memorial fund.

Lippincott's for January will have the commencement of a new serial story, 'Sebia's Tangled Web,' by Lizzie W. Champney. Edward C. Bruce is to contribute an illustrated article on the new public buildings in Philadelphia. Other contributions of interest will be Pendleton King's 'Notes of Conversations with Emerson,' and a dialect story by the late Sherwood Bonner, 'Christmas Eve at Tuckeyho.'

'The Surgeon's Daughter' has been added to Peterson's cheap edition of Scott's romances.

Prof. Morris has recently excavated a mound in Kanawha County, West Virginia. It was 540 feet in circumference and 85 feet high. A shaft was sunk to the crypt whose dome was covered with several feet of broken rock. Two or three skeletons were found, several lance-heads, domestic utensils, a quantity of ashes and charcoal. The largest skeleton lay with his head to the setting sun; the next to the rising sun. The latter had a lance-head (lance-heads of this description were discovered in Troy by Dr. Schlieman, who calls them battle-axes) and arrow heads. Twenty feet deeper were the remains of a temple 12 feet square, 10 feet high, protected by ridge-poles at least 12 feet in diameter, and covered with bark.

Mr. Theodore H. Lewis, of St. Paul, Minn., has been examining the village sites and mounds at the mouth of the Knife River, fifty miles north of Mandan, Dakota. Mr. Lewis reports in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* as follows: 'I found ruins of houses from thirty-five to sixty-five feet in diameter, and from a foot to four and a half feet deep. The mounds were simply heaps of debris—implements of wood and stone, broken and complete, broken pottery, animals' bones, etc. The village sites are about all the same. I visited more than forty of them and six different burial grounds. At one point I found a fortified village surrounded by ditches from three to four and a half feet deep and twenty feet in width. The bastions are perfect and as finely laid out as the military skill of the present day could accomplish.'

The publishers of that sterling periodical, *L'Art*, have determined to make several changes with the new volume, the most notable of which will be to make the review a fortnightly instead of a weekly, and to reduce the price from \$32 to \$15 a year. The editor, M. Eugene Verron, admits that he finds it very hard to fill his large pages weekly as they should be filled. There appears to be a general reduction in the price of the periodicals for which Mr. Bouton is the American agent. *The Portfolio* is reduced from \$10 to \$7.50 a year, *The Bibliographer* and *The Antiquarian* from \$4.10 to \$3, and the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* from \$15 to \$12. This is the benefit the public receives from the removal of the tax on imported periodicals.

The Athenæum is a new Bohemian scientific review, edited by Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, Professor of Philosophy at the Bohemian University in Prague. It purposes to present a picture of the entire scientific literature of the day, and to chronicle the most important developments in theology, law, politics, medicine and philosophy. It is the aim of *The Athenæum* to be, for professional men, a critical register of the scientific literature of the day. In addition to its critical reviews, it will contain yearly reports of the several departments of science. Its complete survey of Slavonic scientific periodicals makes it an important aid to students of Slavonic literature. It differs from the English *Athenæum* and the German critical journals in the arrangement of its matter. While the German journals, which it most closely resembles in form, still adhere to the division according to the four faculties, the Bohemian review observes a strictly scientific classification of the sciences. The first number appeared Oct. 15th. It will be issued monthly. The first two numbers show two facts not generally known—that Bohemia is rich in journals treating the separate sciences, and that scientific works are continually appearing not only in Bohemia but in the Bohemian language.

Ruskin manuscripts are as scarce as they are valuable, and it is rarely that one finds its way into the hands of a bookseller. Mr. Ruskin is the possessor of the MSS. of most of his books, and he has said that he intends to bequeath them to the British Government. Dodd, Mead & Co. may therefore consider themselves fortunate in possessing the original manuscript of Ruskin's introduction to the reprint of the first English edition of Grimm's *Fairy Stories*. It is signed 'J. Ruskin, Denmark Hill, Easter, 1868.' Bound up in the volume with the introduction is the

correspondence relating to it. Here Mr. John Camden Hotten, the publisher, writes to C. A. Howell, Mr. Ruskin's secretary, to whom the MSS. belonged, urging him, 'for God's sake,' to get the few pages of introduction from Mr. Ruskin so that he may issue the book. Besides the MSS. there are a number of illustrations, after Cruikshank's design for Grimm's stories.

The Fine Arts

Art in Chaldea and Assyria.*

THE SECOND MEMBER in Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez's monumental history of ancient art in the countries about the Mediterranean sets before us an art less attractive in itself than that portrayed in the first. The grandeur of Egyptian temples and statues, and (on the walls of the tombs) the human interest running through the profusion of scenes from the familiar life of that fascinating land—these do not meet us in the ruins of Mesopotamia. But for historical interest this volume surpasses its predecessor, and is the most important of the series. Moreover, it is the first comprehensive survey of its subject yet presented to the world. Egypt was not the parent of a large posterity like Chaldaea-Assyria, whose science and art were taken up by the Greeks on the west and the Persians on the east, and spread by these two Aryan pupils of their Semite teacher over Europe and Asia. Chaldaean decoration of stuffs and enamelled tiles was the original author of the Persian and Arabic ornamentation that has given lessons to Europe in our century. Persons who find a coat-of-arms their pole-star in life should take a grateful interest in the people that originated the heraldry introduced by the crusaders into Europe. Here was the birthplace of astronomy and arithmetic, and we divide circle, day, year and hour into twelves and sixties because the Chaldaeans so divided them before Abraham was born. Here were created the Greek temple and its Ionic column, the Roman arch and dome. Greek mythology, decoration and sculpture received their chief impulse from the Euphrates and the Tigris, not from the Phœnicians, the pupils of the Egyptians. The Egyptian artist made a generalization, an allusion, a symbol of the human figure. The Assyrian, like his pupil the Greek, strove to reproduce the living man, in hair of scalp and beard, in muscles and sinews, in the robes enfolding the figure. As Perrot points out, while the Egyptian sculptor of gods was superior to his Assyrian rival in execution, the latter surpassed him in his ideal and came nearer the Greek, in that he did not put heads of animals on the shoulders of his gods; these he reserved for the genii or demons, and gave his gods the human form divine. We look with impatience for the work in which M. Perrot will show how Chaldaeo-Assyrian art passed from one nation of Asia Minor to another till it reached the Hellenic towns that fringed the eastern shores of the Ægean.

The special qualifications of M. Perrot for his task are well known; and he is fortunate in his associate, M. Chipiez, an architect already known for his studies in the archaeology of architecture both Greek and Asiatic. His reconstruction of temples and palaces in this book are admirable for the fidelity with which the literary and monumental evidence has been followed. Our authors display scientific imagination, and gratify by their acuteness in tracing back the particular forms assumed by architecture and sculpture to the conditions in which the workers found themselves placed. Chaldaea, says M. Perrot in the opening of the book, is a plain deposited by the rivers that ever push out their alluvium farther and farther into the sea—no walls of rock on either hand, like those through which the Nile has sunk its bed. How

penetrating this one geological fact! Following our clear-sighted guides, we see how it has given the sculptor's chisel another stroke than that which formed the style of Egyptian sculpture; why the sculpture is less religious and more historical than on the Nile; why both architecture and sculpture are less grand and beautiful than in Egypt and Greece; why the palaces rose on high platforms above the cities, the temples perched on lofty towers of lessening stories; why astronomy and mathematics were born on this plain; why the column was not so conspicuous as in Egypt and Greece, but the arch and dome far more so; why the arches retreated in tunnel-vaults and did not expand in arcades; why beauty of construction had to be resigned for richness in decoration, and carving for painting on stucco and under enamel, and so on. But THE CRITIC'S aim is suggestion rather than exposition, and the reader may turn to the book to see whether the explanation of these riddles is fact or fancy.

The Drama

'DELMER'S DAUGHTERS, OR DUTY,' a comedy by Henry C. De Mille, was produced at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday evening. It amused a large audience. The story of the piece is simple, and the morals—there are several—excellent. Nothing less original than the plot could well be imagined. A countryman who had never been in a theatre before could probably tell just how the play was going to end, and perhaps for that very reason would enjoy it the more. Mr. John Delmer—a prosperous man of business, with a weakness for dabbling in stocks and a strong likeness to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt—has a wife and two daughters. The wife is a harmless sort of person, whose taste runs toward gaudy toilettes. The daughters are as unlike as children of the same parents could well be. The young, married daughter, Esther, is a sort of Dora Copperfield—as much of a child after marriage as when she played around in pinafores. The elder, Margaret, is the 'aughty beauty,' who is always in a state of mind. She 'disdains the suit' of Dr. Leonard West because she thinks that he looks down upon her rich and vulgar parents. The rich and vulgar parents might 'call the kettle black,' if they felt inclined, for the manners of Dr. West are anything but Chesterfieldian. He is, however, a pertinacious young man, and his pursuit of the unreasoning Margaret is worthy of a better cause. The husband of Esther—Dr. Van Arnem—represents the 'iris,' as we once heard an old colored woman call the aristocracy. He lives with his father-in-law, whose coarse talk about money offends his sensitive nature, and when Dr. West suggests that he shall take his wife and flee from the paternal mansion, he jumps at the suggestion. Not so his wife. She cannot make up her mind to leave her parents; so he goes alone, and furnishes a little house at Tarrytown within driving distance of the Delmer homestead. It is needless to say that she follows him thither, in the last act.

Flitting through this play are two persons, one who is necessary to the working out of the plot, and one who is necessary for the amusement of the audience. The former, Rhoda Manly, an orphan, a friend of Margaret Delmer, has in her possession a package of papers which prove John Delmer guilty of a breach of trust. She is looking for the person to whom these papers must be delivered, and she finds in Dr. West the rightful heir. A more magnanimous man does not live. He confronts John Delmer with the proof of his crime, and then throws the proof in the fire, simply asking that he be paid four percent on the money appropriated. No wonder Delmer exclaims: 'I aint used to such treatment as this, and it—makes me feel—kinder—queer.' The other person referred to is Paley Pomeroy, the

* History of Art in Chaldea and Assyria. By Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

friend of the two doctors, who is not such a fool as he looks, and who does the most toward bringing about the numerous reconciliations.

There is no harm in 'Delmer's Daughters.' No one could be the worse for seeing it, and some might be the better. It is more interesting as a story than 'The Rajah,' and on the whole better acted, though by the same actors. The management, as usual, have done everything for the piece, and the actors play their parts well, with one exception—Miss Fannie Reeves. Miss Reeves is the most stagey leading lady the Madison Square Theatre has ever had.

Music

MR. MAPLESON has started upon what the newspapers affectedly call a tour of the provinces, and left the metropolitan field in the possession of his rival. Since he first planned his peripatetic campaign he has extended it to include Montreal, where he hopes to reap a rich harvest during the holiday season, which, true to its origin, is merrier in those colder latitudes than here. He will be in advance of Mr. Abbey in Philadelphia and Boston, and the rivals will not meet 'at Philippi' until February, when they will test the musical capacity of Chicago. Mr. Mapleson's last performance was a repetition on last Saturday afternoon of 'Aida,' with Mme. Patti in the title character. On the previous night Mme. Gerster had varied her well-worn list with a revival of Donizetti's once-liked *opera buffa*,—'L'Elisir d'Amore.' It was Mme. Gerster's first appearance in the character of Adina, and if it had done more than to emphasize her excellence in the small style of which she is now among the foremost interpreters it would call for something else than the mere mention which under the circumstances suffices.

Other musical events of smaller dimensions which merit being placed on the record were (first) the vocal recital of Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, at Chickering Hall—a delightful affair, of highest interest to amateurs and *cognoscenti* for the admirable character of the chronological programme, as well as for the artistic singing of the artist couple—and (second) a performance, the first time in this country, of Dr. Stainer's sacred cantata,—'St. Mary Magdalen.' Unfortunately for the sake of the English musician and his work, the performance was on an inadequate scale, the chorus numbering only thirty voices and the accompaniments being given by pianoforte and harmonium instead of an orchestra. The cantata was on the programme of a private concert given by the pupils of William Courtney.

Mr. Abbey's most ambitious offerings were performances of 'Don Giovanni' and 'Mefistofele.' A close fitting of a high standard of excellence would compel a pretty severe condemnation of some features of the two performances, but would also ask words of hearty praise for others. The fact has been characteristic of Mr. Abbey's season that whenever the demands of art have been highest he has answered them with performances that have been good almost to ideal perfection in some parts, and bad to the verge of disgrace in others. In 'Mefistofele' as in 'Lohengrin' the gross defects were in the choral department; in 'Don Giovanni' they were in the instrumental. The monumental *finale* of the first act, with its union of three orchestras and three *tempi*, was so utterly ruined by the attempt to put musicians on the stage that at the repetition of the opera on Saturday afternoon not only were the dance orchestras omitted from the scene, but the waltz and the contredanse which are interwoven with the minuet were also expunged from the score. It was heroic treatment which took away life with the disease. The work of the principals was of a high order in both operas, as was also that of the stage machinist and scene painter—personages whom Mr. Abbey has this season shown a desire to re-invest with their rights.

The second concert of the Symphony Society on Saturday evening introduced to us a novelty of an interesting character—a new symphony by Tschaiakowsky, one of the Russian composers who are threatening to wrest the musical sceptre from the German hands that have wielded it so long. The symphony is in C-minor, and its strongest peculiarity is its gloomy tinge and tragic temper. It does not recommend its composer as a very happy melodist, but shows him to good advantage as an expert technician and a tone-poet who is capable of maintaining himself buoyantly at an altitude that only a few latter-day musicians reach. This symphony is noteworthy as having a character. It cannot deny its nationality—it is too broadly stamped with the Slavonic physiognomy for that; but the features are beautiful, though rugged, and if they do not always please they at least move the hearer. Tschaiakowsky is a second musician who will surely leave a deep impress upon the instrumental art; we hope he will not follow Raff and hurt his growing fame by too much writing. He has aided in drawing the attention of the musical world to his native country; he can contribute to its everlasting renown. The symphony was associated in the concert with some arrangements for string orchestra of a prelude, adagio and gavotte, from Bach's sonatas for violin solo, and the incidental music written by Mendelssohn for 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

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